

Belleau Wood

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Summary: It's christmas in Blood Gulch, and a temporary ceasefire has been ordered. Rated T for Sarge's violent streak.

Belleau Wood

100 themes challenge Theme # 15-Silence Belleau Wood

It was possibly the first time it had ever snowed in Blood Gulch. And it would have been a breath taking snowfall, if Alpha post and Post #1 had not been prepared to oblivate each other just hours before. The silence hung in the air like a thick blanket ready to suffocate each of the soldiers at either outpost, for a Christmas truce had been declared.

>"you wouldn't know it was Christmas, by the way things are right now..." Grif, a member of the red team muttered quietly, peering over the rock he was huddled behind.<br>"Tell me about it..." Simmons agreed in a slightly forlorn tone.

>"It's almost scary..."<p>

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"...Damn, it's too quiet over there. Usually they're plotting some dumb way to try to ambush us,

>or pretending to at least..." Church, a member of the blue team, said as he looked around.<br>"It's never this quiet over there, that's for sure." Tex agreed. leaning back against a rock.

>"...It's eleven thirty..." Tucker chimed in needlessly. The blue team sat in an uncomfortable silence for what seemed like hours, but was only actually five minutes.<br>"...I wish something would happen..." Church sighed. After another moment of silence, Caboose wordlessly removed his helmet, awarding him curious glances from the rest of his teammates.

>Without explaining, he turned toward the Red base and, in a soft, quiet voice, began to sing.<br>"Silent night.

>holy night"<br>-----

The silence at Red Base dragged on for what seemed an eternity, then Donut jolted and his head snapped up.  
>"Hear that...?" He whispered. Sarge, Simmons, and Grif all turned their heads. All listened intently for a moment, no one daring to make a sound.<br>"Sounds like one of the blues started singing Silent Night." Grif said. They listened to the sounds of the voice for a moment, then Grif, Donut, and Sarge, turned, slightly surprised, as Simmons joined in.  
>"All is calm.<br>All is bright..." He whispered softly. On the other side, another voice joined in. One by one, both Red and Blue alike joined in until each of them was singing along. Each was in perfect sight of the other team, standing so close together, yet so far apart. Through the flurry of the snowflakes, Simmons saw the one that had initiated the hymn, Caboose, raise his hand and smiled a little, as if to say, 'Here's hoping we both live to see us find a better way'  
>The singing stopped, and Sarge looked down at his watch.<br>"It's midnight..." He said solemnly. After a moment, he raised his sniper rifle and shot one of the blues in the head.  
>"Holiday's over, dirtbag! Back to you pansies kissing Red ass!!!" He shouted, aiming for another.<br>"ASSHOLE!" a voice drifted across the gulch. Sarge chuckled lowly.  
>"Man, I love christmas." <p>

End  
file.